





THE
FATALITY
OF
FORC'D MARRIAGE.

Exemplified in some CIRCUMSTANCES
of the LIFE of a

Neapolitan Woman of Quality.

With additional

P O E M S

By the same Hand.

L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year M. DCC. XLI.

THE

ATLANTIC

FORCHMANN

P. O. B. M. S.

Printed by J. H. M.

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Printed in the Year 1871

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T H E

P R E F A C E.

THE Author, or rather Versifier, of the following Story, begs leave to preface to her own Sex, for whose sake and her own amusement it was first undertook; that it is an original, and never was made publick in any language before; the essential facts related, all positive truth; and that it was handed directly to her from a Nun now alive at Rome, who is nearly related to one of the persons too fatally concerned. The names of the two Noblemen she has changed wholly, only making use of their real titles; but the Christian names of the Lady and the Fisherman she has taken the liberty to preserve. The Recluse, to whom she is obliged for the original manuscript in prose, is a Lady of a lively wit, and beautiful turn of expression, as appears by her fine manner of relating a story so

A 2

full

The PREFACE.

full of variety and accidents as this is: So that if any thing in these English sheets be considerably faulty, the Author takes it all to herself.

AS to the few Miscellanies annexed, they are published chiefly to please some particular Friends, to whom the occasion of writing them is mostly known. If they prove any entertainment to others, all my ends are answered. Gentle Reader, (for such I will hope you are) Adieu.



THE

THE
FATALITY
OF
FORC'D MARRIAGE.

THE tenant of a hut that fac'd the sea,
Liv'd a poor man, a fisherman was he :
A trade of penury ; for fish appear
Along that coast but little of the year.
His wife (poor woman, she was lately dead)
Was the chief bustler for their daily bread ;
For JOHN BAPTISTA (that's the husband's name)
Before and after fishing season came,
Could only be assistant to his dame :
His business was to fetch her water in,
Take linnen from the town, and back again.
Thus had they liv'd in comfort, tho' but poor ;
For she bleach'd linnen, and her gain was sure.
But she was dead ; and the physician's care,
And fun'ral rites, had left BAPTISTA bare.

Her

6 *The Fatality of Forc'd Marriage;*

Her loss had driven him to great distress,
For which there was no visible redress :
When wanting food, he the wide sea survey'd,
From thence, said he, must my next meal be made.
He took his boat, and out he went to see
What must his providential dinner be.
Often he cast his net, but nothing drew,
Except some shell-fish, known and eat by few ;
Dangerous to eat of : Nothing else appears ;
And these were season'd only with his tears.
He play'd the glutton, scarce took time for breath ;
And in all likelihood had eat his death,
But that a storm arose, and just behind
A clap of thunder rattled thro' the wind,
And shook the high swollen sea : When turning back,
Alarm'd and startled at the mighty crack,
The waves he saw force something to the land,
And back retiring, leave it on the sand.
In haste he quits his boat to take the prize ;
But what amazement seiz'd his wond'ring eyes !
To see a woman in a rich undress,
Of some degree, her habit spoke no less ;
Her body cold as in the arms of death,
Nor in her face a sign of vital breath :
But marks of youth and beauty still were there.
(*All are not happy who are great and fair.*)
He took her in his arms, and homeward ran,
And back to life to call her he began :
Made up the fire, and chaf'd her neck and head ;
Then gently laid her in his homely bed.

At

At length her colour chang'd, and heart did beat
Like a slow pulse that moves with little heat.
Then recollecting, when his wife lay ill,
That cordial draughts had swell'd the doctor's bill;
That much was left, and if it did no good,
He cou'd but do the utmost that he cou'd.
Op'ning her mouth, he gently pour'd some down;
When in her cheeks a fainty flush was shewn:
And watching by her, or for life, or death,
She seem'd to move, and softly fetch her breath.
With patience he attends, till he espies
That she had life, and motion in her eyes:
He spoke, she heard; his words her ear could reach,
But yet she had not gain'd the pow'r of speech;
Yet understood him: for she shook her head;
BAPTISTA still attending near the bed.

Madam, said he, you now are in a place
Of utmost poverty, tho' not disgrace:
You cannot be or comforted, or fed,
Except with water; for here's want of bread.

At which she pointed to her hand and ring,
As if to shew the worth of such a thing:
Take, take — she said, but further could not go;
Nor what was done with her apparel know:
But soon BAPTISTA made her understand
Her cloaths were in his pow'r, and near at hand.
At last she spoke distinct—I think, my purse
Has some small gold within it, if no worse;
Let that help present need: The help was small,
In gold and silver not three crowns in all.

To

8 *The Fatality of Forc'd Marriage;*

To the next town with this he went away,
 And bought as many things as it would pay;
 Bread, spice, and wine, and more what he judg'd best;
 With something medicinal for his guest:
 No time he lost. The Lady quite alive,
 But wanting sustenance, his steps revive.
 They both together eat and drank; for she
 Stood little less in need of that than he.
 The manner how he saw the dashing wave
 Wash her ashore, and how he chanc'd to save,
 With all that interven'd from first to last,
 Fill'd up the intervals of their repast.

May I, continu'd he, without offence,
 Ask by what chance you thither came, and whence;
 Or whether your disaster owing be
 To shipwrack, accident, or villany.

Sir, she reply'd, my life to you I owe;
 And my misfortunes you shall quickly know.
 I am of quality, as I appear;
 You must assist in my remove from here:
 But first I'll try to take a little rest,
 And still the tempest that's within my breast.
 To her repose he left her, and withdrew;
 And on the ground, without, himself he threw.
 Early next morn he to the chamber went,
 Inquiring of her health, and her intent.
 She then was dress'd, and bidding him come in,
 Said she had laid a scheme they must begin.
 But ere he promis'd, he desir'd to know
 To whom, and whither, she propos'd to go:

Herself

Herself if she thought proper to conceal,
 She might some other things to him reveal ;
 But chiefly, on her honour, tell him why
 She chose to move with so much secrecy :
 For tho' such poverty was now his fate,
 His father had possess'd a large estate ;
 But meddling with the state in civil strife,
 That became forfeit, and he lost his life.
 Thus the beginning of his life had been
 Quite the reverse of what he since had seen,
 And then he swore, whatever she might say,
 If he approv'd not, never to betray.

She answer'd, Sir, your conduct has been such,
 I must not think I can confide too much ;
 Nor have I any fear, when I disclose
 To you the fatal cause of all my woes.
 But three months past a father's stern command
 Forc'd me to marriage, and I gave my hand.
 Ah! might I then as now the truth impart !
 I gave my hand, but cou'd not give my heart.
 Not but my father's choice was such, as rais'd
 Envy in many, and was greatly prais'd :
 All lov'd the Marquis ; and had I been free,
 He might, perhaps, have found the same in me.
 GONSALVO was the husband, that's confess ;
 But LODOVICO govern'd in my breast :
 The youthful Count did my affections fill ;
 He visits, and protests to love me still.
 My life was all in fear ; the Marquis knew
 Our frequent meeting, and that fear was true.

10 *The Fatality of Fore'd Marriage,*

The husband's eye was open, he could see
A cold indifference wholly govern me,
As jealousy did him; but he had art
To hide the dark distrust that fill'd his heart,
And the more dark design to bring along
Revenge and death for but a fancy'd wrong.
His villa, which can little distant be
From hence, is situated near the sea.

How high, said he, do the blown billows ride!
How loud they dash against earth's rocky side!
While angry winds the troubled sea deform,
Let us in safety here enjoy the storm.
When tempting me near to the dreadful brink,
Down to my fellow devils bid me sink.

So plung'd me in, with curses not a few:
What since has happen'd I have learn'd from you.

When she had finish'd what she had to say,
BAPTISTA said he'd serve her any way.
She gave him thanks, and told him, that at night
With him to *Naples* she would take her flight:
There liv'd Count *Lodovico*; and she thought
To justice there the Marquis might be brought.
First they consulted how it could be done,
What course to take; for money she had none:
But from her finger taking off her ring,
Here, friend, said she, this was a costly thing;
Sell it, and make dispatch: But ere thou come,
(For that will rise to a sufficient sum)
A mule, the gentlest of his kind, provide;
I care not for his qualities beside:

A P O E M.

11

Buy a thick veil to cover all my face,
 And hide me, as I pass from place to place ;
 But above all, remember speed. — He ran,
 And sought a jeweller, a noted man :
 This stone, said he, where water's got between,
 Is call'd an emerald ; those gems are green ;
 The rest are di'monds : But I cannot see
 How they appear the right of such as thee ;
 Since I, who buy for gain, will give in gold
 Threescore pistoles, if that is fairly sold :
 How is it thine to sell ? Sir, he reply'd,
 My trade is catching fish on the sea side :
 When pulling yesterday my boat to land,
 I saw that ring, and took it off the sand.
 What I have told you is no idle tale ;
 You see I venture it to publick sale.
 The jeweller believ'd, the sum was paid ;
 And all the Lady's orders soon obey'd.
 He found a mule whose gentleness was known,
 In better days the beast had been his own ;
 The Lady's now : for whom he bought a cloak,
 To keep her warm, which she had not bespoke.
 With these he homeward did with haste repair,
 And found the Lady sit impatient there,
 Scarce would she stay to eat a bit of bread,
 But took the veil and threw it o'er her head ;
 And muffled in the cloak sat out to ride,
 APTISTA both her safeguard and her guide.
 To Naples he conducted her with care,
 And led her to an inn of credit there :

B 2

Whence

12 *The Fatality of Forc'd Marriage,*

Whence she the Count a messenger did send,
For him to come and meet an injur'd friend.
Unknowing who it was, he quickly flies.
No tongue can tell how great was his surprize.
He did not know but she was safe and well ;
But when she told him all as it befel,
What oaths he swore a swift revenge to take !
And what example of the Marquis make.
The Lady he took home, his private care.
BAPTISTA's tongue was taught in this affair,
To keep all knowledge of it from the air.
That kingdom then was in the *Spaniards* hand,
And Duke MEDINA CELI had command :
The Vice-king he, to whom the Count address'd ;
And gaining audience, thus himself express'd :

Great Sir, a Lady of no little fame,
Whose noble father had a nat'ral claim
To give a Prince of Royal blood that name,
Is missing to the world ; and whispers fly,
That in a groundless fit of jealousy
MARIA CATHARINA is destroy'd ;
A bride of yesterday, and scarce enjoy'd.
Of my petition this is the amount,
The Marquis may be brought to some account :
Send for GONSALVO ; let her husband be
Condemn'd, if guilty ; or if not, set free.

Thus spoke the Count ;—the King a message sends,
To bring the Marquis ; and he straight attends.
The King, soon as he came, assum'd the cause ;
Sternly demanding, where his Lady was ;

Or if in all his life he ever thought
She lov'd another better than she ought.

His mind was malice, and his answer such ;
Here's one, said he, that knew she lov'd too much.

The King displeas'd at what the Marquis said,
When I command, says he, I'll be obey'd.
Produce your Lady, or else tell me where
She may be found in your domestic care.

The Marquis, tho' he did with horror burn,
Had craft to give this thing another turn :
With guilt and fear his look was so confus'd,
Some thought that he was injur'd and abus'd.
At the King's feet he threw himself, and said,
'Tis your command, and fit to be obey'd ;
Tho' to my shame I speak what facts I know,
And humbly add what I suspect are so.

Rise, said the King ; remember, what you say
Is to his ear, who bears the sov'reign sway.

O great and Royal Sir, was his reply,
Of men the most unfortunate am I :
Scarce were our nuptials past, when I could see
My wife's affections were not bent on me ;
Some happier man I found with those was blest ;
Judge what continual torment fill'd my breast.
I own, I search'd to find, with piercing eyes,
To whom my Honour was a sacrifice :
I fix'd it soon on this right worthy man ;
And let him now evade it, if he can.
This noble Count, this searcher for lost things,
Fresh to my mind a time of trial brings.

Dear

14 *The Fatality of Forc'd Marriage,*

Dear CATHARINE, said I, MARIA dear,
 One day in private, my complainings hear :
 Think not that you have kept from me unknown
 Those visits which are paid to you alone.
 If, as I fear, you should return them too,
 Those compliments are both a crime in you.
 Forget him ; let this visit be his last :
 I can forgive, and cancel all that's past.
 She seem'd well pleas'd, nor scrupled to confess
 His former passion, and receiv'd address:
 But since our marriage, tho' he hither came,
 And made some visits under friendship's name,
 Those interviews to her were always pain,
 And that the last which he should ere obtain :
 She vow'd to heav'n and me, to shun the place
 Where she imagin'd but to see his face ;
 Much less give way to any thing like vice :
 He'll hardly come to hear his sentence twice.
 And you yourself shall quickly find it true,
 That I can never give my love to two.

Thus with her double tongue she gave me ease ;
 But what I took for physic, was disease :
 For while I slept (sleep was a welcome guest
 To me, a stranger many nights to rest)
 Me she forsook, and from my palace fled.
 (I think with tears on my forsaken bed)
 Believe I must, I cannot say I know,
 She from my bosom to this Count did go ;
 And of your Majesty submissly ask,
 To give this noble Gentleman a task ;

That

That on the Blessed Sacrament he swear,
He does not know she's living any where.

This, said the King, you certainly must take ;
You cannot here the least objection make.

Could I with honour, (pardon, O my King)
Return'd the Count, I might do such a thing :
But why should I engage so deeply, where
My business is so small in the affair ?
Perhaps I am to blame to interfere ;
So beg your Majesty to leave it here.

Count, said the King, you speak as if you knew
The oath in question was not safe for you :
But stay you here, till I am satisfy'd
Whether or no your character's bely'd.
Here, take a guard to LODOVICO's house,
And search if it conceal GONSALVO's spouse :
Shou'd it be so, your net is vainly spread,
And what you've spoke has been against your head.
At once the King withdrew ; not so the rest :
The Count and Marquis both must stand the test.
An officer return'd, unravel'd all ;
He led GONSALVO's Lady thro' the hall.
'Twas strange the Marquis could believe his eyes ;
He did, and swoon'd away at the surprize.
This thro' the gazing crowd did pity move ;
None but suppos'd it caus'd by grief and love.

The presence opens ; all are order'd in.
Thus to the Lady did the King begin :
Fair Lady, for you're fair, if you had come
Into my presence from your proper home,

You

16 *The Fatality of Forc'd Marriage,*

You had not then been stain'd with this disgrace,
Which ill becomes the beauty of your face.
Why are you found from home? O! she reply'd,
Mine are not wrongs which I intend to hide.
O may your Majesty but lend an ear ;
The injur'd party you are yet to hear.
Cruel GONSALVO, he that sought my death,
Now blasts my fame unjustly with his breath,
And much abuses you. I shall not rail,
But beg to tell a plain unvarnish'd tale ;
Shall prove him false as hell, to me, to you ;
And heav'n be witness, what I speak is true.
When having told his cruelty at large,
She call'd as evidence, to back her charge,
Faithful BAPTISTA : who being heard, they both
Did with the Sacrament confirm their oath.
And this (said she) let my sworn husband do :
Which he, when offer'd, not consented to.
All wait for sentence. Silence in the place
Uninterrupted reign'd a little space.
When thus the King: Hear, whom it may concern,
And chiefly, Marquis, you my pleasure learn.
Back to your Lady her large dowry pay
Within a week ; for that's your latest day.

Sir, said the Marquis, that I took for life ;
At once of that deprive me, and a wife.

That, haughty Sir, I have not pow'r to do,
Return'd the King ; but I can banish you.
On pain of death you in this kingdom stay :
Pay your wife's dow'ry, and fly swift away.

You,

You, Madam, may remain ; but let your life
 Prove you an innocent and injur'd wife :
 Part with the Count, and let me never hear
 That you together in one place appear.
 And shou'd you ever give him private time,
 Heav'n may, but I will not, forgive the crime.
 The Marquis under guard, the rest are free ;
 And when repaid his Lady's dowry, he
 To wander earth's wide bounds : but for this spot,
 If he loves life, let him approach it not.

Here judgment ends. — The Lady bent her knee ;
 That Princes act for heav'n we plainly see.
 O righteous Judge ! she cry'd, 'tis greatly done,
 To banish one from me, and me from one.
 GONSALVO, think me dead ; your wish was so :
 You, LODOVICO, from my presence go ;
 Or stay, and hear me yet protest one thing :
 You've seen me last in presence of the king.
 To whom she turning, bow'd again the knee ;
 And all departing, left the presence free.

To private lodgings she ; BAPTISTA's care
 Was all the help she had to fix her there.
 She would detain him ; but he begg'd to go ;
 As never being fond of crowds or shew.
 Grandeur itself appear'd to him to be
 A state of less content than poverty :
 The fatal consequences of it such,
 He rather chose too little than too much.
 She gave a forc'd consent ; but ere they part,
 Her gen'rous gifts express'd her grateful heart.

18 *The Fatality of Forc'd Marriage,*

Forget me not, said she ; a visit pay
Each year, at least ; and never miss the day
In which you snatch'd me from the hand of death,
And added a fresh period to my breath.
The day she wrote upon an iv'ry book,
That good BAPTISTA at his parting took.
Dear Lady, as he went away, he said,
Whene'er I fail, you may conclude me dead.

So hasten'd to the port ; where to be sold
A fishing-veffel met his ready gold.
A bargain made, and having hir'd a boy,
He homeward sail'd along the shore with joy ;
Intending to enlarge his clay-built cell,
To buy a better bed, and sink a well :
But first resolv'd two crosses he would raise,
To kneel to the remainder of his days ;
Erecting both on the same spot of ground
Where he MARIA CATHARINA found :
One to give thanks that he her life did save ;
And t'other for the great reward she gave.
The time he finish'd them was next noon-day ;
A stated time for Catholics to pray
Ave Maria : Thus the Church has bid
To hail the Virgin as the Angels did.
No longer poor, he purchases apace,
And makes convenient all his little place.
This takes up all his time : but now draws near
The fishing, busy season of the year ;
And he provides for that : so happy he,
A state like his the great but seldom see.

He

He breath'd in healthy air, the sea in sight ;
 Behind, a vary'd prospect of delight :
 An honest mind bore witness to his bliss.
 What is all greatness, or a crown, to this !

Tho' he was digging clay, which he propos'd
 Next day to come for, for the ev'ning clos'd,
 And he must hasten home, there scarce was light
 To shew a wonder waiting for his sight :
 It was the Lady ; and as he drew near,
 Be not surpriz'd, said she, that I am here :
 No ill has reach'd me ; but I'm come to you,
 As having service still for you to do.
 The chaise that brought me to the neighb'ring town,
 I there discharg'd, and came in private down.
 The case is this. — My life, your hands did save,
 Is now in danger, and I fly the grave.
 He who could keep his rage conceal'd, and strike,
 Will certain, now he threatens, do the like.
 This is the note he with my dowry sent :

Are you a sinner ? here he says, repent.

— But if my sin has been a lawless love,

He bids me recommend myself above :

That all are mortal ; and I do not know

How soon from earth I may be forc'd to go.

These menaces may well affright a wife,

Who once has known how he regards her life.

Besides, the Count still presses : Therefore I,

To save my life, to save my virtue, fly.

My stew'rd, to call you hence, behold I come ;

Since I resolve to live conceal'd at *Rome*.

20 *The Fatality of Forc'd Marriage,*

Few servants ; I will be, but not live great,
And wait the happier moments of my Fate.

Her reasons soon prevail'd. At break of day
His boat she enter'd ; shoring all the way,
Till near a little town, whence they with ease
Might reach to *Rome* by any means they please :
The quickest was their choice ; and their first care,
To lodge in private on arrival there,
Till he could a commodious house provide.
The place first thought on was the *Tyber's* side.
But near *St. Mary's Church*, furnam'd *the Great*,
He quickly found one, and agreed the rate.
A garden large and fair, and much retir'd ;
Apartments all distinct, as she desir'd.
A chamber, antichamber, parlour, hall,
Made up each floor ; and it was painted all.
The Cardinal, for 'twas the Church's claim,
Contracted a sure bargain in her name ;
That, being strangers, they must always pay
The rent beforehand, on the settled day.
This was the easiest part of all his task ;
No fear the Church should ever come to ask.
In twenty days he furnish'd it so well,
None could have guess'd he came but from a cell :
And chose domestics ; not a train for shew ;
No running-footman, nor no livery beau :
But such as might observe with humble eyes,
And not be thieves and tatlers in disguise.
Thus all accomplish'd, in the ev'ning came,
To head her family, the stranger dame,

That

That day the Pope, with age and sickness try'd,
Gave up infallibility, and dy'd ;
And all the holy hats were shut apart,
With dear self-love, and little else at heart,
To dream of triple crowns, and bullying kings.
(Tho' now, indeed, we hear of few such things)
A Pope was hard to choose ; it could not be,
Till certain pow'rs (as some suppose) agree.
The Emp'ror, doubtless ; King of *France*, that's plain ;
The Holy Ghost, the Queen and King of *Spain* ;
With other lesser Crowns : for what they please
Obtains the Cardinals consent with ease :
To Courts, themselves they offer to be sold,
And pocket up the thick, substantial gold :
For that, in fact, elects a Pope. I spare
The many follies that are acted there ;
With all the pomp and gilded pageantry,
Indulgences, and holy trumpery ;
Processions, benedictions, vows, and pray'rs,
And pardons absolute : Sin here, who dares ?
These and the Coronation draw to *Rome*
A crowd of strangers ; many thousands come :
And who among the rest will soon appear,
Permit me mention JOHN BAPTISTA here ;
Who going forth one day to Morning Pray'r,
A servant stops him with a friendly air :
My noble Lord (said he) who yesterday
Saw you about this time pass by this way,
Planted me here, to wait your coming : He
Has that to say will your advantage be.

His

22 *The Fatality of Forc'd Marriage,*

His lodgings are but down that little street.
It is no stranger that you go to meet ;
Nor one you need to fear : My master's name
Is *LODOVICO*, not unknown to fame.

The Count is one of a most noble mind ;
As you yourself shall by experience find.
Come ; he impatient waits : I'll lead the way.
Ah ! this to you will prove a lucky day.

Intreated thus, he went : the Count appears,
As soon as he of his arrival hears.

I, honest friend, said he, remember thee
Before the King an evidence to be
In my behalf. — And here a purse he drew ;
Take that, and know thou hast my friendship too.
Yet stay ; I cannot let thee go from hence,
Till thou hast giv'n me some intelligence
What is become of that unhappy fair,
Whose life stood then indebted to thy care.

Sir, he reply'd, you never can receive
That trust from me, without my Lady's leave :
But that obtain'd, to morrow, ere the sun
Has climb'd his noon-day height, conclude it done.

Home went *BAPTISTA*, loaden with the news ;
He little thought his Lady would refuse.

How can, said she, that inconfid'rate dream
That ever I should close with such a scheme ?
'Twas for good reasons to this place I came ;
And now must leave it for the very same :
Or else, at best, must a close pris'ner be,
Till time from strangers sets the city free,

Run

Run to the Count, tell him I have took my flight;
 Not daring here to stay another night.
 No more than this I give you pow'r to say;
 But that you're soon to follow on the way.

Both kept within; and when they op'd the door,
 The prison-gate was never guarded more.
 Windows shut day and night, the wicket lock'd;
 And much enquiry ev'ry one that knock'd.

Till in one ev'ning, the repeated cry
 Of Murder, murder, at the Church close by,
 Alarm'd the family; and, trembling, in
 Comes a maid-servant, who the fact had seen
 As she from Vespers came. — Great God! said she,
 Who can this stranger that is murder'd be?
 O how the villain stabb'd him! But he's fled
 Into St. *Mary's* Church; he's kill'd him dead:
 There he lies gasping too, a crowd about.
 Ah! his life's blood is swiftly flowing out.

When this BAPTISTA heard, the Church so near,
 His curiosity o'ercame his fear:
 Just run and look, but not a moment stay;
 His Lady must not know he was away.
 There did he see, at length upon the ground,
 The Count,* and on his breast a double wound;
 And loud exclaim'd: This mangled corps you see,
 Was a young Nobleman, well known by me:
 Whatever hand has done this horrid act,
 A jealous husband has procur'd the fact.
 Marquis GONSALVO, he knows more of this:
 O what a cruel, murd'ring hand is his!

Sir,

24 *The Fatality of Forc'd Marriage,*

Sir, said a Priest, your speech is something home;
I know that Nobleman to be in *Rome*,
At such a Cardinal's, in such a place:
You may repeat this outrage to his face.

When thus BAPTISTA: Pardon, if my tongue
Seems to have done the noble Marquis wrong.
I but suspect: Suppose you send away
One to the Marquis, and thus let him say:
My Lord, you are obey'd; but your true slave,
To whom in private your commands you gave,
Is forc'd to sanctuary: On his reply,
He must prove guilty, or a lyar I.

His speech was well approv'd; a guard was sent:
A proper person to the Marquis went.
No sooner had he said, You are obey'd;
Am I? said he; then you shall well be paid.
This many heard: Thus fall'n into the snare,
The guard receiv'd the Marquis to their care.
But the new Pope would not concerned be
With any stranger of his dignity.
To *Naples* he was sent; and there was try'd:
There pleaded guilty; nor the fact deny'd.
Condemn'd to death, but not to publick shame;
His birth consider'd, and his noble name.
Within the prison walls he left his head
Beneath the ax, and mingled with the dead.

The Lady now no longer lives in fears
Of husband's jealousy, or lover's tears.
BAPTISTA now is publickly employ'd
To build a spacious house by the sea side,

Near

Near as he cou'd to where his hut did stand :

The finest prospect there was at command.

She to a Nunnery the while retires ;

And all things seem to favour her desires.

But one event marr'd all : That faithful man,

With whom this tragic story first began,

Whose busy care had built a noble seat,

Convenient, full of symmetry, and great,

And fit for her design'd ; and sav'd her life,

To be, if he had liv'd ('tis thought) his wife ;

Sickness o'ertakes, and death : and in his tomb

The Lady bury'd thoughts of leaving *Rome*,

Or the Religious House ; but all her days

Were spent thenceforward in her Maker's praise.

When full of days she dy'd, her great estate

Fell to the Church : And there are some relate,

That in the noble palace by the sea

Has since been seen a deeper tragedy :

But it was Church-work all ; and no Lay eye

Dares the attempt, to penetrate or pry

Too deep in their hid crimes ; and yet it lay

Hard on the conscience, at his dying day,

Of a grand Prelate. — Heav'n be good to all !

Who can support the Poor, when Priests and Nobles
fall !



P O E M S

By the same Hand.

To the Memory of Queen CAROLINE.

Great Pattern to her Sex, and Ornament ;
 No petty cares could give her discontent.
 To all her Virtues, Reason was the guide,
 And led her far from all fantastic pride.
 This form'd her temper to the Monarch's mind :
 What word or act of her's, but what was kind ?
 Her Royal Offspring, and her chiefeſt care,
 Early ſhe taught what their great duties were :
 Stamp'd this idea in them ; That their ſtate
 Requir'd them to be good, as well as great.
 She practis'd ev'ry duty of this life ;
 A tender Parent, and a virtuous Wife.



To DELIA.

BY ill examples, youth are taught
To fly from solitude and thought:
Their minds grow restless, stubborn, proud:
Boys mimick men, with voices loud.
Unbridled passions fill each breast;
And Love is one among the rest.

In quest of pleasure, hate of care,
Damon turns fop, and courts the fair.
Whilst *Mavius*, with a fordid mind,
Is deaf to wit, to beauty blind;
Looks out for a golden dame,
And to no other tells his name.

But *Strephon* swears, 'tis only pride
That makes men seek a wealthy bride:
He'll have the girl that wins his eye;
Let parents break their hearts, and die.

With will uncurb'd, and mind untaught,
Men seldom settle as they ought:
For choosing women no way fit,
Neither in temper, age, or wit:
Till things quite contrary unite,
That state can never yield delight.

To STREPHON.

THE best description of the fair,
 Is what their outside beauties are:
 For if you saw a woman's mind,
 It changes often as the wind.
 Some, from their toilet to their bed,
 Are only by fond fancy led.
 Some loudly wrangle for a pow'r,
 They seldom keep above an hour.
 In what they do, in what they say,
 All Reason's laws they disobey;
 And very little pleasure find,
 Except in vexing half mankind.

But should I paint all women such,
 I certainly should say too much:
 For, gentle *Strephon*, some there are,
 It matters not if brown or fair;
 Yes, there are some, tho' but a few,
 Have Reason, Wit, and Beauty too.



FRIENDSHIP.

WHO are they have pow'r to know
What mighty joys from Friendship flow?

None whose fickle fancies move

In the same hour to hate and love:

None where noisy passions reign:

None whose souls are prone to feign.

Whose can then this Blessing be?

It is giv'n to Constancy.

They who can themselves forget,

Pardon wrongs, and ne'er repeat:

Look on gold as shining dust;

Theirs, but for their friend in trust.

Who know no good, but what they share;

And will divide and lessen care.

Such are the hearts that truly know

What pleasures from true Friendship flow.



The Modern Lover.

WHEN Love first touch'd the coxcomb's breast;
 He hated food, and could not rest;
 And more depended on his dress,
 Than what he study'd to express.
 Before his glass he sigh'd her name,
 His beating heart a lighted flame:
 All gay delights neglected lie;
 For *Celia* frowns, and he must die.

But under *Celia*'s frown was art;
 A bait to take a lover's heart:
 'Twas his to ask, and her's to give.
 She bids the dying whiner live.
 His bended knee, and humble strain,
 Had art her favour more to gain
 Than all his cant of *Cupid*'s darts,
 And wounded souls, and bleeding hearts.

His peace restor'd, and gain'd the fair,
 Now she begins a scene of care;
 And vainly strives to please one hour,
 What she imagin'd once was wholly in her pow'r.



The COQUET and PRUDE.

L Aughing, finging, talking gay,
 Giving all mankind their way;
 Dressing, dancing, fond of pleasure;
Chloe has no hours of leisure:
 To the Ball, the Mask repair;
Chloe, that Coquet, is there,

To this the Prude is quite contrary;
 From her Sex she loves to vary:
 She's so squeamish, shy, and nice,
 All pleasure looks to her like vice:
 And once deluded to a Play,
 She never shall forget the day;
 And wishes she had once forgot
 The Poet's vile, ensnaring plot,
 That made girls run away with rakes,
 And run such hazards for their sakes.
 She still repents, and goes to pray'rs,
 Her lot may never be like theirs.

Between these two extremes there lies
 A medium, which the prudent prize:
 A chearful innocence, and settled mind;
 Which no Coquet or Prude had ever pow'r to find.

F I N I S.

ERRATUM.

PAGE 18. line 7. from bottom, for *Angels*, read *Angel*.

The Coquet and Prude.

Laughing, laughing, talking gay,
Giving us no kind of way;
Dressing, dandling, fondling fair,
Coke has no hours of leisure;
To the Ball, the Mask, the Opera,
Coke, that Coquet, is there;
To this the Prude is quite contrary;
From her Sex the love to vary;
She's so punctilious, shy, and nice,
All pleasure looks to her like vice;
And once deluded to a Play,
He never shall forget the day;
And wishes she had once forgot
The Poet's vice, entraining plot,
That made Gals run away with tasks,
And run such hazards for their tasks;
He still repents, and goes to pray,
Or he may never be like they;
Between these two extremes there lies
Medium, which the prudent prize;
Chastel innocence, and listless mind;
Which no Coquet or Prude had ever power to find.

F I W I S

ERRATUM.

PAGE 18. line 7 from bottom, for "Kiss" read "kiss."